

UNDERCOVER BLUES - PILOT

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT./ESTAB. QUEENS - NIGHT

The nightlife is quite active and audible.

TITLE CARD APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM CENTER OF THE SCREEN:
"QUEENS SOUTH"

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE ACTIVITY WITHIN THE BOROUGH

- People are seen as they walk along the sidewalk.
- Vehicles of all types drive along the streets.
- A few homeless people panhandle as people walk past them.

TITLE APPEARS ACROSS THE SCREEN: "UNDERCOVER BLUES"

EXT./ESTAB. CLUB ONYX - NIGHT

CREDITS appear in the left hand corner of the screen.

The sound of MUFFLED HIP-HOP MUSIC is heard and it indicates that it is quite festive inside.

Seconds later, two women, CRYSTAL MILLER, 39, a slim, sexy Caucasian and CARRIE MATTHEWS, 39, a slim sexy African American, who are dressed for the nightlife, complete with high heels, come out of the club.

They walk up the street together.

CRYSTAL

Wow! It was crowded in there tonight.

CARRIE

Yeah, but unfortunately, we didn't find any suitable dates. I thought the purpose of going to Club Onyx was to find a guy.

CRYSTAL

Who was that guy at the bar you were talking to an hour ago?

CARRIE

His name was Carl Dunbar. He was a real hunk.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL

Oooh, you two were talking up a storm.
Did you two hit it off?

CARRIE

No...he told me he was gay.

Crystal is shocked.

CRYSTAL

Oh shit! That's fucked up.

Carrie stops in her tracks and looks down on the ground with shock as Crystal looks toward her with concern.

CARRIE

Holy shit!

CRYSTAL

What?

Crystal looks down on the ground and she is also shocked; even more so than Carrie.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Both women look down on the ground in shock and they see:

The dead woman's body is dressed in a short skirt and high heels.

It is obvious that she is a hooker. A pool of blood surrounds her head and her brunette hair is scattered. There is a purse beside the corpse.

They continue to look at the body in shock:

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Call the police.

Carrie struggles to open her purse...

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

A car with a flashy police light on the roof drives down the street and stops at the scene of the crime and parks a few inches away from it. The doors OPEN and out comes...

JOHN MARTIN, a young African American detective in his 40s, dressed in casual clothes, a black jacket and Timbalands. He is a guy who is dedicated to his profession.

(CONTINUED)

He also suffers from a mental illness: paranoid schizophrenia that he inherited from his late father.

His partner, VIOLET EPSTEIN, a young Latina/Jewish detective who is in her 40s and dressed in a white blouse and black suit coat, black slacks and a pair of Converse sneakers.

She had trouble accepting her mixed ethnicity when she was younger, but as time went on, she has learned to accept it.

They have their badges pinned on their clothes in plain sight and they walk over to the crime scene.

Carrie, Crystal and two male UNIFORMED COPS, both in their 40s, talk about what happened to the woman and then, Martin and Epstein join them and the women and the cops face them.

MARTIN

(to the cops)

Hey, what's goin' on here tonight, fellas?

UNIFORMED COP #1

These two ladies were tellin' us about this woman.

He introduces the dead body with his hand as he speaks and as John and Violet look down on the ground at it:

The body is still motionless and the blood still surrounds the head.

UNIFORMED COP #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They came across the victim on their way home from the club earlier tonight.

Everyone continues to talk about the situation...starting with the Uniformed Cops and the detectives.

EPSTEIN

Did the victim have any I.D. on her?

UNIFORMED COP #2

We didn't check. We were just askin' these ladies some questions and then, we called you guys.

MARTIN

It looks as though the victim was workin' the streets and one of her customers killed her.

(CONTINUED)

UNIFORMED COP #1
That's what it looks like.

MARTIN
All right. Thanks, guys. My partner and
I will take over from here.

UNIFORMED COP #2
No problem.
(to his partner)
Come on. Let's go.

The Uniformed Cops leave the scene, Martin and Epstein
interrogate Carrie and Crystal as they put surgical gloves on
their hands.

MARTIN
Good evening, ladies. I'm Detective John
Martin and this is my partner, Violet
Epstein. What are your names?

Crystal and Carrie are worried at this point. Carrie begins
the introduction about herself to the detectives.

CARRIE
I'm Carrie Matthews.

Crystal is next.

CRYSTAL
And I'm Crystal Miller.

EPSTEIN
Can you ladies tell us about what you
know about the victim?

CARRIE
We don't know much. All we know is we
were leavin' the club and we came across
the body.

CRYSTAL
And the blood surrounding the head was
fuckin' disgusting.

Martin signals them to walk toward another area on the
sidewalk. The girls oblige and do just that.

MARTIN
You girls are kinda young to be out on
the streets so late at night, aren't
you?

CARRIE
I'm thirty-nine years old, Detective.

CRYSTAL
So am I.

MARTIN
Sorry. What reason did you two attend
Club Onyx?

CARRIE/CRYSTAL
To find a guy.

MARTIN
I take it that you gals didn't have any
luck.

CARRIE
You're right on that note.

Martin nods his head once in agreement to Carrie's answer to his question.

MARTIN
(he signals Uniformed Cop
#1 to come over to him)
Hey, come over here for a second.

The officer stands next to Carrie on her left.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Do me a favor. Can you take these girls
home? If the killer is still out on the
streets, we don't want these girls on
the killer's list.

UNIFORMED COP #1
Sure, we'll do just that.

MARTIN
Cool. Peace.

Uniformed Cop #1, Carrie and Crystal leave the detectives by themselves.

Martin looks on the ground and:

Epstein stands next to the body and looks it over. She bends down and inspects it a little closer and makes sure that she doesn't step in the pool of blood.

Epstein sees the purse and she pick it up with her surgical gloved hand and looks it over.

(CONTINUED)

Epstein stands with the purse in her hands.

EPSTEIN

Well, she has a purse. Let's check to see if she has and I.D.

She opens the purse and takes out some of the contents inside it and holds it in her hand. The first thing she takes out is a wad of cash. She looks at it with shock.

Martin walks toward her and stands on her left.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Holy shit! This girl must be the best in the game. There's gotta be over a thousand dollars here.

She puts the wad of cash back into the purse and she takes out a card of some kind. She looks it over.

The card in Epstein's hand is an I.D. card. It has the victim's information on it.

EPSTEIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, she does have I.D.

Epstein and Martin look over the card in unison and she reads the information on the card to her partner.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

According to the card, her name is Marcia Rutherford. Date of birth: May tenth, 1983. Height: Five feet, eight inches. Age: Thirty-seven.

She reaches in the purse again and takes out four credits cards and cash which seems to be a thousand or more from the sight of it.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

And she has four credit cards.

Martin walks toward Epstein and stands on her left and Epstein puts the cards back in the wallet that is still in her surgical gloved right hand.

She turns her head and faces Martin and:

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Did you find the murder weapon?

CONTINUED: (7)

7.

Martin holds up an evidence bag with half a brick inside it in his surgical gloved right hand and shows it to his partner.

MARTIN

This brick. I've got to return it to the guys in forensics to make sure that this brick was what killed the victim.

Epstein looks back at the wallet in her gloved hand.

EPSTEIN

By the way, what time is it?

Martin holds up his arm, raises the sleeve on his sweatshirt and he reveals a watch on his right wrist.

MARTIN

Oh...it's midnight.

EPSTEIN

Oh, before I forget: Happy birthday.

Martin frowns.

MARTIN

Thanks...but if we don't solve this case, it might not be.

The detectives turn around and they walk back to their car.

EXT./ESTAB. 106TH PRECINCT - NIGHT

People walk past the precinct and the SOUNDS of the city are heard.

TITLE CARD APPEARS AT BOTTOM CENTER OF THE SCREEN: "106th PRECINCT - OZONE PARK"

Martin and Epstein walk toward the precinct.

INT. THE PRECINCT - NIGHT

It is quite active. The detectives are at their desks and/or they are seen walking around the precinct.

Martin and Epstein, who has the three sealed evidence bags in her grasp, walk toward the adjacent desks, which happen to be theirs, they take their seats behind them.

Epstein puts the bags on top of her desk.

(CONTINUED)

It seems that the two detectives are not too happy about what they have investigated earlier and they feel that their fellow detectives whom they work with will probably feel the same.

END CREDITS.

TED PHILLIPS, a tall Caucasian male who is of Greek descent and a fellow detective in his 40s, is dressed in casual clothes and his badge pinned on his shirt.

He is a tough cop and, like Martin, he takes his job seriously. He walks over to his fellow detectives' desks and sees that they are not too happy.

PHILLIPS

Hey, guys. What's goin' on?

MARTIN

Violet and I were called to look into a murder that took place down the street from Club Onyx in Queens.

Ted is shocked at this. He listens to his fellow detectives discuss the details of the case.

EPSTEIN (O.S.)

The victim, a hooker who went by the name of Marcia Rutherford, was murdered a few feet down the street from the club.

MARTIN

Her head was surrounded by a pool of blood and her body was motionless. I guess her last customer didn't get what he paid for and he killed her.

(re: Phillips as he looks at Martin and listens to him)

But that's not the only thing that's fuckin' with me.

PHILLIPS

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Well, not only do we have to deal with the details of the case and investigate it, we also have to investigate it on my birthday which began five minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

Epstein and Martin, who feels a little shitty about the case falling on his birthday, are at their desks.

Ted, on the other hand, stands in front of their desks and responds to what Martin said earlier.

PHILLIPS

Oh shit! I totally forgot about that.

He turns and faces front.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Hey, Cleo.

CLEO JONES, a plus-sized African American woman in her 40s, wears a white T-shirt with her badge pinned on it, a hip-hugging denim skirt and a pair of red and white Nike sneakers.

She is a tough woman and doesn't take any shit from any bad guy she apprehends and doesn't let her size define her as a woman...or a cop. She walks over to Ted.

JONES

What?

PHILLIPS

Did you know that it is John's birthday this morning?

Jones smiles at this and as she walks over to her fellow detectives...

JONES

(to Phillips with a grin)

Get the fuck outta here.

(to Martin - grins bigger)

Happy birthday, John.

Martin sports a somewhat small grin as he faces Jones, but it is more like a forced grin than anything else.

MARTIN

Thanks, Cleo.

At this point, Jones looks a little concerned for her fellow detective, but she tries to cheer him up in her own way.

JONES

(to the entire precinct)

Hey, guys and gals! Guess what? It's John's birthday today!

The entire precinct, with the exceptions of Phillips, Jones, Epstein and Martin himself, wishes Martin a happy birthday in their own way.

Martin gets everything from pats on the back to small punches in the arm from oncoming detectives as well as shout-outs from the detectives at their desks.

When the noise ends, Jones looks toward Martin, who is still unhappy about his special day that has gotten pushed aside for a case.

JONES (CONT'D)

John, are you okay?

MARTIN

Nope. Not really. The victim was a prostitute. And "john" is a slang term for a prostitute's customer or a toilet and ...it happens to be my name.

(lets out a sad sigh)

Kinda sucks that my name happens to be the slang term for so many things involving shit.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MARTIN'S FELLOW OFFICERS

- Jones feels Martin's pain.
- Epstein feels Martin's pain.
- Phillips feels Martin's pain.

One by one, they emphasize how important their fellow detective's name is.

TED

John, as the son of Greek parents, "John" is the English equivalent of Iohannes.

EPSTEIN

(to Martin)

And as the daughter of a Jewish father, the Hebrew equivalent, Yochanan, meaning "YAHWEH is gracious". The roots "yo" referring to the Hebrew God and "chanan" meaning "to be gracious".

(CONTINUED)

JONES

(also to Martin)

And you do know that John is the Christian apostle and the reported author of the fourth Gospel and three epistles and the book of Revelation in the New Testament, right?

MARTIN

(in a bored voice)

Yeah, I guess so.

Just then, LIEUTENANT CARMEN REYES, a curvy Latina from Puerto Rico in her mid 50s, walks over to her detectives. She is the leader in the precinct and a wife and mother of two kids at home.

REYES

Good morning, guys and gals. What's going on?

PHILLIPS

John's a little unhappy that he and Epstein caught a case on his birthday today.

REYES

Happy birthday, John.

MARTIN

Thanks, Lieu.

REYES

(to Martin)

What case have you and Epstein picked up?

MARTIN

We got a call from two girls who were on their way home from Club Onyx and we investigated a dead hooker on Thirty-Fourth Street.

Epstein holds up the evidence bag with the ID card and four credit cards in it and she explains her part of the mini investigation.

EPSTEIN

The victim's name was Marcia Rutherford. She was five feet, eight inches tall and she was thirty-seven years of age.

(CONTINUED)

Martin holds up the evidence bag with the piece of brick and a little blood smeared in it and he explains the next part of the mini investigation.

MARTIN

And the weapon was a brick. We figure that the person who killed Marcia bashed her head open with it.

REYES

Holy shit! Do you think it was a "john" who took matters into his own hands when she didn't give him what he wanted?

Martin puts the evidence bag in his hand on his desk.

MARTIN

(to Reyes)

That's what we're goin' with.

JONES

(also to Reyes)

If it's okay with you, Lieu, John would like it if you called the hooker's customers "customers" instead of "john"s...seeing that it is his birthday and all.

REYES

Is this true, John?

Martin lets out a sigh of unhappiness and:

MARTIN

Yeah, Lieu. Some birthday present, huh?

REYES

I'm sorry to hear that.

(to her detectives)

Tell you four what. Go on home. Get some rest and work on this case later in the morning.

MARTIN/EPSTEIN/JONES/PHILLIPS

Sure thing, Lieu.

Epstein picks up the two evidence bags and hands them to a fellow female detective and she and Martin get up from their seats at their desks.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Could you take these bags to the evidence room? We'll be back later to work on the case.

The female detective takes them as Phillips and Jones get their coats from off their chairs at their desks and they walk back over to Martin, Epstein and Reyes.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Sure thing.

She takes the evidence bags from Epstein and leaves her and the other detectives and Reyes:

REYES

I hope to see you guys and gals later on. Have a good night.

The four detectives leave the precinct and go on home.

INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The DOOR OPENS, Martin enters the room. He takes the key out of the doorknob and CLOSES the door. He walks through the living room and he walks toward the entrance to...

INT. MARTIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He enters the bathroom and he walks toward his medicine cabinet. He opens it and...

MARTIN'S POV - THE INSIDE OF THE MEDICINE CABINET

Everything from cotton balls and Q-Tips to toothpaste and floss is in the cabinet. On the top shelf on the left side, Martin's medication bottles are seen.

Martin takes them off the shelf and holds them in his right hand. He closes the door of the medicine cabinet and leaves the bathroom and he enters...

INT. MARTIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

He enters the kitchen and walks over to the sink. He opens one of the cupboard doors and takes out a clear glass. After he closes the cupboard door, he fills the glass with water.

He turns off the faucet and sets the filled glass and his medication bottles on the counter. He picks up the first bottle opens it and pours his medication dosage in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

He closes the first bottle and opens the second and pours the dosage in his hand along with the first and he closes the second bottle and he pops his medication in his mouth.

He picks up the glass of water and takes a sip to wash down his meds.

After that, he picks up his medication bottles in one hand and the glass of water in the other and he goes to his bedroom.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He enters the room, turns on his lamp and puts his medication bottles and his glass of water on his night table next to his digital clock which reads: 1:15.

He takes off his jacket and throws it on the chair across the room. Next, he takes off his gun holster, puts it on his bed and strips down to his boxers.

Finally, he gets in bed, turns off his lamp and goes to sleep.

EXT./ESTAB. EPSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The neighborhood is quiet with the exception of REPETITIVE CRICKET CHIRPS.

INT. EPSTEIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Her clothes are scattered all over the floor as WATER RUNS in the shower.

In the shower, Epstein stands in it washing her body. Steam from the shower fills the bathroom.

INT. THE SHOWER - NIGHT

The water from the shower head gushes out and soaks the nude Epstein from head to toe. She washes her perky breasts with a soapy loofah and then, she washes her taut stomach.

She is near the end of her shower. She rinses out the soap from the loofah and puts it on the shelf next to her bottle of shampoo and finally, she rinses the soap off of her body.

Next, she turns off the water and rubs her wet face with both hands. She SLIDES the shower door to the left and steps out of it and stands on the bath mat next to the tub.

She takes the towel off the towel rack and begins to dry her wet curvy, not to forget, nude body with it.

(CONTINUED)

After that, she wraps the towel around her body. Then, she picks up her work clothes, including her underwear, off the bathroom floor and puts them all in the hamper.

When she leaves the bathroom and turns out the light...

INT. EPSTEIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She enters the room and the lamp on her night table is on. Her room has a treadmill on the left side of her bed. Her bedroom is rather large and she has a king size bed.

She stands on the left side of her bed, which is where her night table is. She looks at her digital clock, which reads: "1:25".

She takes off her towel and she hops into bed. Yes, she sleeps in the nude. Her home. Her choice. She turns out the light and she drifts off to sleep.

EXT./ESTAB. JONES' HOME - NIGHT

This neighborhood is also quiet with the exception of the REPETITIVE CRICKET CHIRPS.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones is in a nightgown and stands on the left side of her bed. On the wall above her bed, a poster of the movie CLEOPATRA JONES is seen.

Jones gets into her bed, turns off the lamp, which is on her night table and drifts off to sleep.

EXT./ESTAB. PHILLIPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

REPETITIVE CRICKET CHIRPS are heard in the quiet of the early morning.

INT. PHILLIPS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phillips, clad in a white wife beater T-shirt and light blue boxers, sits on his bed. He rubs his face with both hands. He gets up, turns down the covers and gets in bed.

He turns off the lamp, which is on his night table on the left side of his bed and he slowly drifts off to sleep.

FADE OUT.

EXT./ESTAB. 106th PRECINCT - LATER THAT MORNING

(CONTINUED)

TRAFFIC SOUNDS are heard and people walk past the precinct.

TITLE AND TIME CARD APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM CENTER OF THE SCREEN: "LATER THAT MORNING - 8:00 A.M."

INT. THE PRECINCT - DAY

The precinct is quite busy.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE BUSY PRECINCT

- Uniformed officers walk all around the precinct.

- Uniformed officers prepare their coffee and doughnut at the table.

While that is going on...

Martin, Epstein, Phillips and Jones are at their desks.

Reyes comes out of her office and walks over to Martin and Epstein's desks and when she gets there, she stands in front of them and Martin and Epstein look up at her.

EPSTEIN

Good morning, Lieu.

REYES

Likewise, Violet. Did you sleep well?

EPSTEIN

Sure did.

REYES

How about you, John?

MARTIN

I'll be honest with you. I slept all right, but I'm still upset that we have to solve a case on my birthday.

REYES

That's the life of a detective, John. These things happen sometimes.

John responds with a frown and a silent nod.

Reyes turns toward Phillips and Jones' desks.

REYES (CONT'D)

How's it goin' with you two?

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS

It's goin' great on my end, Lieu.

JONES

(to Reyes)

Same here.

Reyes turns and faces Epstein and Martin.

EPSTEIN

(to Martin as she gets up
from her chair)

Come on, John. Let's do this.

Martin gets up from his seat and he and Epstein walk toward the entrance of the precinct.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

Epstein and Martin stand next to each other as they look at:

SHEA COLLINS, a plus-sized African American woman, who is in her 40s and she is the head medical examiner who works for the 106th Precinct at the city morgue.

She graduated top of her class and is really good at her job.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

What info have you got for us?

COLLINS

I gotta tell you: Someone really wanted this woman dead. Her head was bashed in and the brain was severely damaged.

(re: Epstein and Martin
listen attentively)

I got the brick that the killer used and I found...

(re: Collins holding the
chunk of brick in her
surgical-gloved right
hand)

...little bits of her head and blood on it.

(she puts the brick down)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

If I were to make a guess, the killer treated her head like a baseball and swung the brick with such force that her head split open when the brick made contact.

Martin and Epstein stand on one side of the slab with the female corpse on it and Collins stands on the opposite side.

MARTIN

When we found the body earlier this morning, we noticed that she was dressed as a hooker. Do you think that one of her customers killed her? Or was it her pimp?

COLLINS

It could have been either one...but as I was examining the body, I also found something else.

EPSTEIN

What was it?

Collins walks to the end of the slab and signals the detectives to follow her on the opposite side and they do just that.

Collins lifts the bottom of the sheet covering the body and exposes the thighs.

COLLINS

(calmly)

Take a look at the tattoo on her right thigh.

The detectives do just that and:

The corpse's bare thighs are seen. A medium-sized tattoo is on the right thigh. It is in black Old English lettering and it reads: "SEMPER FI".

EPSTEIN (O.S.)

"Semper Fi"?

Collins covers up the exposed thighs and she looks at the detectives and vice versa.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Why would a hooker get a tattoo? On her right thigh no less?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

This shit's weird. Unfortunately, we didn't see that when we found her.

COLLINS

She also had another one.

Collins, Epstein and Martin walk to the foot of the slab and Collins lowers the sheet and exposes another tattoo on the forearm facing the detectives.

THE CORPSE'S FOREARM

On the corpse's forearm, a tattoo of the American flag adorns it and the words "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL" is underneath the flag.

MARTIN (O.S.)

That's a tattoo of the American flag.

The detectives are quite concerned at what they see.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And the words "America The Beautiful" is under it. Wow! This is no ordinary hooker. Like I said before: This shit's weird.

EPSTEIN

Okay, Shea. Thanks for helpin' out. You're the best.

SHEA

(she grins)

Thanks, Vi. Back at ya.

The detectives head toward the office door.

COLLINS (O.S.)

Oh, John...

The detectives turn and face her.

Collins sports a big grin.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

(as she winks at him)

Happy birthday.

The detectives sport big grins toward Collins and as Epstein turns her head toward her partner:

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Thanks.

He gives Collins a thumbs-up and he winks back at her and then, the detectives leave the office.

EXT. THE STREETS OF QUEENS - DAY

SARAH, 39, an African American professional sex worker with three years on the job, finds a possible "john" in his car and she begins her pitch.

EXT./INT. THE CAR - DAY

Sarah looks in the car and she has a big grin on her face.

SARAH

Hey there, Sugar.

POSSIBLE JOHN, a Caucasian Everyday man, sits in his driver's seat, looks toward Sarah with a nervous smile.

POSSIBLE JOHN

Hey.

SARAH

You lookin' for a good time?

POSSIBLE JOHN

Maybe. I haven't had a woman in five years.

SARAH

Well, you're in luck. I'm here to make you happy. You can have some fun with me for three hundred an hour.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Vi, look who we have here. It's Sarah!

Sarah looks to the right and frowns as she sees:

Martin and Epstein walk toward her.

SARAH

What do you two want?

The Possible John drives off as the detectives and Sarah stand in front of each other.

(CONTINUED)

EPSTEIN

We're not here to bust you. We're here to ask you a few questions about your fellow sister in the sex trade...Marcia Rutherford.

Sarah is deep in thought and she tries to remember the name Epstein had spoken.

SARAH

Marcia. Marcia.

(she snaps out of the thinking)

Oh yeah. That girl was a piece of work. She was a tough ass bitch. She had an attitude on her that would hurt a guy's feelings.

EPSTEIN

What do you mean?

SARAH

Well, one time, she made two thousand dollars from a five hour job with a john and when she came back to Big Al, she refused to give him his take.

MARTIN

What did he do when she refused?

SARAH

What the fuck do you think he did? He slapped her and put her in her place and he took his cut.

(re: Martin and Epstein listen)

If you mouth off to Big Al, you will definitely be met with some big fuckin' consequences.

MARTIN

Well, she must've mouthed off to him once too often, 'cause she ended up dead earlier this morning around midnight.

Sarah is shocked at this. So much so, she seems afraid.

SARAH

Oh damn! That's fucked up!

EPSTEIN

Are you sure that there wasn't any jealousy on your part?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

You did say that she made two thousand from a five hour job.

MARTIN

And we found only a thousand in her wallet when she died.

SARAH

What the fuck are you talkin' about? I ain't got a jealous bone in my body. My body is for the johns out here.

MARTIN

How much have you made with your last customer?

SARAH

I don't discuss my rates with cops...
(she grins - to Martin)
...unless you want to go out on a date sometime.

The detectives look toward Sarah. Martin calmly rejects Sarah's offer of a date a la SHAFT...the Richard Roundtree version.

MARTIN

(to Sarah with a sneer)
Not at your prices, baby.

The detectives leave Sarah as she looks at them with sort of a deep concern.

EXT./ESTAB. CHEZ NAPOLEON - DAY

People walk past the restaurant and TRAFFIC SOUNDS are heard.

NAME OF BUSINESS AND LOCATION AND THE ADDRESS APPEARS IN THE LOWER CENTER OF THE SCREEN - "CHEZ NAPOLEON - HELL'S KITCHEN - BETWEEN 8TH AND 9TH AVENUES - 365 WEST 50TH STREET"

INT. THE RESTAURANT - DAY

It is semi-filled. Patrons are at their tables and they are enjoying their meals. Among the patrons:

BIG AL, mid-50s, a husky, kind of flamboyant African American male, who is obviously a pimp by the way he is dressed. According to his girls, he is the "flyest" pimp in the game.

He enjoys his meal when he looks ahead and sees:

Martin and Epstein walk over to his table.

(CONTINUED)

It is obvious that Big Al is not happy to see them because he sees their badges pinned on their jackets. He throws his napkin down on his table in silence.

BIG AL

Aw, shit.
(he sniffs the air around
him)
I do believe I smell bacon.

The detectives stop right at his table. The looks on their faces say that they want to arrest him just on general principle...but they choose not to.

MARTIN

Big Al. What brings you in a place like this?

BIG AL

I came here to git a little breakfast. Being the flyest pimp in da game does make a brotha hungry.
(re: Martin and Epstein)
Now, let me ask you a question. Whatchu swine want wit me?

MARTIN

Word on the street is that you have quite a strong grip on yuh hoes.

EPSTEIN

And if they git outta line, they are met wit' consequences.

BIG AL

Dat's correct.
(a la Dolemite)
If da hoes ain't right
I tells 'em good night.

EPSTEIN

We heard that you smack 'em around if they give you any back talk after they do their job and git their money.

BIG AL

Dat's da way da game is played. Da hoes do they job and I git my cut of the action.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Big talk from a Dolemite wannabe. Why are you in a restaurant in Hell's Kitchen?

(re: Big Al)

What's wrong with the ones in Queens? You claim you are the king there.

BIG AL

I came here for da expensive cuisine. As you know, I'm da biggest pimp in da game...and I make a lotta paper.

MARTIN

Your high priced hoes are the ones makin' that paper, pimp...and it's you that's takin' a bigger cut from what they're makin'.

EPSTEIN

We're here to let you know one of your hoes ended up dead earlier this morning...Marcia Rutherford. Her name ring any bells?

Big Al is deep in thought...and then, he remembers the name and the girl the name belongs to.

BIG AL

Oh yeah. Dat girl had a mouth on her the size of Brooklyn.

(re: Martin and Epstein)

After she came back from her job, I told her to give me my cut. She acted like I did somethin' wrong. How'd she die?

MARTIN

A brick to the head. It seems one of your customers got the short end of the stick with that particular girl.

BIG AL

(unhappy - lets out a low grunt)

Yeah...and her mouth is probably what got her killed.

MARTIN

We heard that she made two grand from her last job before she was murdered. When we found her, she was left with a thousand.

(CONTINUED)

EPSTEIN

We also heard that you take a mighty big cut from your girls.

BIG AL

I ain't got no clue how Marcia died, but when I took my cut, she was still standin' and still breathin'.

Martin and Epstein look at each other and then, they look back at Big Al.

EXT./ESTAB. 106TH PRECINCT - DAY

People walk past the precinct and TRAFFIC SOUNDS are heard.

INT. REYES' OFFICE - DAY

Martin and Epstein stand in front of Reyes' desk as she sits in her chair behind her desk. The detectives give their boss the lowdown on their investigation into the case.

REYES

Are you serious? The victim had tattoos about being an American...and working as a prostitute?

MARTIN/EPSTEIN

Yup.

REYES

So, was being a prostitute her idea of achieving "the American dream"?

MARTIN

Looks that way. Weird, huh?

REYES

Damn right.

A series of KNOCKS on Reyes' office door are heard.

REYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come in.

It OPENS and Phillips enters the office and joins his fellow detectives and lieutenant.

REYES (CONT'D)

What is it, Ted?

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS

Lieu, there's a man, a woman and a Lieutenant Braxton out in the precinct who would like to talk to you.

(re: Reyes, Martin and Epstein)

As a matter of fact, they have something to say to the four of us and you. It's about the murdered prostitute.

Reyes, Martin and Epstein leave the office and enter the precinct along with Phillips.

They walk toward Jones' desk and JOSIE SALINGER, 60, a woman who has peppered hair and her husband, PAUL SALINGER, also 60, who has peppered hair.

They are in deep grief and they are in the precinct, along with Braxton.

Next to her LIEUTENANT RICHARD BRAXTON, a tall Caucasian male, 60, who wears a three-piece suit and peppered hair who is from a precinct in the Bronx.

Jones sits at her desk as her fellow detectives stand around the Salingers and Braxton.

REYES

Richard, I haven't seen you since our days in the academy.

BRAXTON

It's good to see you again, Carmen.

REYES

What brings you here?

BRAXTON

Why don't I let them tell you.

The Salingers do their best not to show how sad they are, so they hold back their sadness and tells their story to Reyes and her detectives.

JOSIE

Earlier this morning, I was watching the news and the reporter said that a woman died at midnight.

(re: Martin - re: Epstein
- re: Reyes - re: Jones -
re: Phillips)

Our daughter went missing hours earlier.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

The reporter also said that said that her murder was investigated by a couple of detectives here in Queens.

(re: Josie)

Do you still have her body?

REYES

It's still in the medical examiner's office.

(to Jones)

Cleo, call the M.E.'s office and tell Shea that someone wants to identify the body her team had picked up.

JONES

Gotcha, Lieu.

She picks up the receiver on her phone and dials a number.

EXT./INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE

Inside, Shea wheels the corpse, which is covered from head to toe on a gurney, to the window of the office.

Outside, Braxton, Josie, Paul and Reyes stand in front of the window as they look inside.

REYES

(to Josie)

Are you sure you want to have a look?

Josie and Paul nod their heads in silent agreement. Boy, they look sad.

Reyes looks inside, nods her head to Shea inside and she goes to the head of the gurney, pulls down the sheet and reveals Marcia's pale face.

Josie and Paul, look at Marcia with a look of sheer unhappiness and then, they start to cry and then, they start to BAWL LOUDLY. Finally, they let out the tears and the sadness.

Braxton and Reyes do their best to comfort the grieving parents.

INT. REYES' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Reyes' detectives, Braxton, Josie and Paul, who are sitting in the chairs in front of her desk and Reyes, who sits in her chair behind her desk, are together in the office.

(CONTINUED)

JOSIE
I can't believe she's dead.

REYES
How well did you know the victim?

PAUL
We've known her since she was a little girl.

MARTIN
You've known Marcia Rutherford since she was little?

Josie and Paul has a look of concern on her face because they didn't know this about the victim.

JOSIE
Marcia Rutherford? That's not her name. Her name is Athena Salinger. We are her birth parents.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE DETECTIVES AND REYES

- Martin looks even more confused.
- Epstein looks even more confused.
- Phillips looks even more confused.
- Jones looks even more confused.
- Reyes looks even more confused.

Josie is still looks sad.

Reyes tries to relieve her confusion to what she heard and then...

REYES
Your daughter...Athena...went by the name of Marcia Rutherford?

BRAXTON
That's where the Bronx PD comes in, Carmen.
(emphasizes calmly)
Athena was a detective working undercover to take down a prostitution ring here in Queens.
(re: Reyes)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

She is actually in her mid-40s, but she had to downplay her real age when she was assigned to go undercover and investigate the case.

(a brief pause - re:
Braxton)

Innocent girls were being roped into the sex trade to work for a nefarious pimp...

(re: Martin and Epstein)
...who goes by the name of Big Al Thomas.

Martin and Epstein are quite shocked at this bit of news.

MARTIN

Oh shit! Violet and I questioned him back at Chez Napoleon earlier.

BRAXTON

(to Martin)
You think he may have killed Athena?

MARTIN

(to Braxton, bellowing)
If I were a betting man, Lieutenant Braxton, I'd bet my future pension on it.

JOSIE

I remember the doctor handing Athena to me and I held her in my arms with so much love.

EPSTEIN

Was her birth anything like the miraculous birth of the Greek goddess Athena?

JOSIE

Yes...and I gave her the name from the Greek myth. Her birth was indeed miraculous; except her father was not a Greek god.

BRAXTON

(to Carmen, calmly)
How do you want to do this? I mean, taking down this prostitution ring is big.

(CONTINUED)

REYES

(to Braxton, emphasizes
calmly)

Well, do you think we can solve this case together? I mean, your cops and mine can join forces and take this operation down.

BRAXTON

I'll discuss it with my cops and get back to you.

REYES

No problem.

BRAXTON

Okay.

(to Josie)

Come on, Mr. and Mrs. Salinger. I'll drive you home.

They get up from her seat and when she and Reyes shake hands:

JOSIE

(sadly)

Lieutenant...I hope you and Lieutenant Braxton can get justice for our daughter.

REYES

We will, Mrs. Salinger. I promise.

Josie sports a small grin as a response to Carmen's reassurance and she, her husband, who puts a comforting hand on his wife's back.

Braxton leaves Carmen and her detectives alone in her office.

Carmen picks up the receiver on her phone and dials a number and waits for an answer.

REYES (CONT'D)

Yes, Ted? I want you and Cleo to come in my office. ...Okay.

She hangs up her phone.

A few seconds later, Jones and Phillips enter Reyes' office and join their fellow detectives and their lieutenant.

PHILLIPS

What's up, Lieu?

(CONTINUED)

REYES

(to Jones and Phillips)

I have just spoken to Lieutenant Braxton and the victim's parents and it seems that the murdered hooker...

(re: Epstein and Martin)

...was actually a detective from the Bronx working undercover to take down a major prostitution ring.

(re: Jones and Phillips)

This department as well as the Bronx PD will be working together to dismantle it and take down the main guy...Big Al Thomas.

(re: Reyes)

I want you and Jones to go undercover as competition as a hooker and a pimp. I will inform the rest of the department about the case.

Jones and Phillips nod their heads in agreement.

EXT. A STREET IN QUEENS - DAY

TIME APPEARS IN THE LOWER CENTER OF THE SCREEN: "2:00 P.M."

Sarah paces from left to right. She is waiting for a potential customer.

A pair of black boots walk along the sidewalk.

It is revealed that the woman is...

...Jones. She is undercover as a hooker named Portia. She is dressed in typical hooker clothes: The black boots, the red hip-hugging miniskirt, the make-up, the lashes, etc.

She sees Sarah and walks toward her.

Sarah sees Cleo walking toward her and is shocked to see her and as Cleo stops and stands in front of her:

SARAH

Who da hell are you?

JONES/PORTIA

My name's Portia. I'm a bitch who works on Thirty-Fourth Street. What's yo name?

SARAH

I'm Sarah. I've been workin' these streets for three years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I work for a pimp named Big Al. He's duh biggest pimp in duh game.

JONES/PORTIA

Is that so? Well...I work for a pimp named Ron. He claims that he's duh biggest pimp in da game.

(re: Sarah)

In fact, he claims he's duh biggest pimp in all of Queens.

SARAH

Oh really?

JONES/PORTIA

Yup. You know the abandoned house in Flushing? It's now a flophouse and that's where I do bidness wit' my pimp.

Sarah looks at Jones/Portia as if she won the New York lottery and feels like she has some competition. Yes, folks. Sarah looks and feels a little jealous of Cleo/Portia.

SARAH

What's yo pimp's name?

CLEO/PORTIA

Ron "The Don" Porter. He treats his hoes wit' respect. We keep eighty percent of what we make.

Sarah is shocked because she has been working for Big Al for three years and realizes she never got to keep nearly that much. Hell, she never even got to keep half.

SARAH

That's messed up. We only git tuh keep twenty percent.

JONES/PORTIA

How did you hook up wit' Big Al?

SARAH

Three years ago, he saw me on the streets and asked me if I'd like to work for him.

(re: Jones/Portia listens attentively)

He told me that I would be livin' on Easy Street if I agreed to work for him. Of course, that was a fuckin' lie.

(CONTINUED)

JONES/PORTIA

Are you sayin' that he made you think dat he was duh shit?

SARAH

I'm gonna keep it real witchu. He is nothin' but a piece o' shit. He treats me and da rest o' the girls like we don't even fuckin' matter.

JONES/PORTIA

Shit! Well...I gotta go. Ron's waitin' for me to come back. Peace. I'm out.

Jones/Portia leaves Sarah alone and walks away from her. Sarah, on the other hand, is deep in thought about what Jones/Portia has told her about the competing pimp.

EXT./ESTAB. AN ABANDONED FLOPHOUSE - DAY

A car drives past the house.

LOCATION APPEARS IN THE LOWER CENTER OF THE SCREEN: "A FLOPHOUSE - FLUSHING"

INT. A ROOM IN THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

A group of female cops, who are dressed as hookers and are working undercover, are scattered all over the room.

A man enters the room. The man is Phillips. He is dressed as a pimp named Ron. Of course, he speaks as a detective; even though he is dressed in character.

Phillips stands in the middle of the room and all the female detectives and speaks to his fellow detectives.

PHILLIPS

All right, ladies. As lead detective, I want you to do your jobs and do them well.

(re: all the female cops)

Big Al is really dangerous, so proceed with caution when he shows up here.

(re: Phillips)

When I do my job, I don't want you to take any part of it seriously. I'm gonna do my best to make this bust look good and I hope you gals do the same.

Phillips' CELL PHONE RINGS. He takes it out of his pocket and answers it on the third ring.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Phillips. Talk to me.

JONES

(from the phone)

Ted. It's Cleo. I just got through speaking to Sarah to get some information on Big Al.

INT. EPSTEIN'S CAR - DAY

Jones, who is still costume, is in the passenger's seat and Epstein is in the driver's seat. They are on their way to the flophouse that Phillips and the female detectives are.

JONES (CONT'D)

According to Sarah, she hates the guy's guts. Violet and I are on our way to the house now. How's John?

PHILLIPS

(from the phone)

He's in the surveillance truck with a few of the male detectives overseeing the activity here in the house.

(re: Epstein)

Tell Violet to join him and the guys there when you get here. You are needed in the house.

INT. A ROOM IN THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Phillips is still on his phone.

JONES

(from phone)

All right. I'll be there. Peace out.

Phillips hangs up his phone.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM IN BIG AL'S FLOPHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Women in varied sexy outfits are scattered all over the room. Big Al sits in his chair with two of his girls standing on opposite sides of Big Al's chair.

He overlooks all of his girls and he is quite happy about them.

Just then, Sarah enters the room and walks over to Big Al.

SARAH

Big Al.

(CONTINUED)

"BIG" AL

What do you want?

SARAH

I got somethin' to tell you. Can we talk in private?

BIG AL

Whateva you got tuh say, you can say it right here. What do yuh want tuh tell me?

SARAH

I met a ho named Portia an' she said that she works for a pimp named Ron Porter. An' she said that he's the biggest pimp in the game...an' in all of Queens.

Big Al feels quite shocked at this bit of news as he looks at Sarah the same way. He seems to think he has some competition and deep down, he doesn't like the thought and is quite livid.

BIG AL

Where does this...Ron and his ho do they bidness?

SARAH

In the ol' abandoned building in Flushing. Portia said it's a flophouse now an' that's where they do they bidness. She also said that Ron lets his hoes keep eighty percent of what they make.

Sarah's jealousy is evident, but it is kept on the downlow. The same can be said for the jealousy that Big Al is experiencing.

BIG AL

Is this playa fuckin' his hoes on the regular an' givin' 'em what they want when they need it?

SARAH

I would imagine so. Portia ain't had no problems workin' for him.

Upon hearing this, Big Al is deep in thought.

Sarah is silent as she looks toward her pimp.

(CONTINUED)

Big Al has a plan and lets Sarah in on it and he sports an evil smile showing off some gold teeth.

BIG AL
Well...it looks like I'm-a go and pay a visit to Ron and ask if he would like tuh...collaborate.

EXT. THE DOOR OF THE FLOPHOUSE IN FLUSHING - DAY

A fist KNOCKS on the door four times. A few moments later, the front door OPENS and an undercover detective in character as a hooker comes face to face with...

...Big Al who looks at her with a big smile on his face as he stands on the porch.

The detective/hooker looks at Big Al and then:

DETECTIVE/HOOKER
May I help you?

BIG AL
I'm Big Al Thomas. I'm the biggest playa in Queens. I have come here tuh talk to your boss about a...possible bidness deal.

DETECTIVE/HOOKER
Come on in. I'll take you to Ron. He's in his office.

Big Al makes his way inside the flophouse and:

INT. THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

The detective/hooker CLOSES the door and then:

DETECTIVE/HOOKER (CONT'D)
Follow me. I'll take you to him.

She leads Big Al to the room where her boss is in and he follows right behind her as he admires the plethora of girls all around the room. He likes what he sees.

INT. THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE - DAY

The detective/hooker and Big Al enter the doorway and they stop and look inside the office.

Inside, Phillips and Jones, who are in character, are together, not noticing they are being watched.

(CONTINUED)

The detective/hooker and Big Al enter the office and they stop and stand in the middle of the room.

DETECTIVE/HOOKER (CONT'D)

Ron.

Phillips and Jones look toward their visitors.

PHILLIPS/RON

What?

The detective/hooker and Big Al still stand together as they look toward Phillips/Ron and Jones/Portia.

DETECTIVE/HOOKER

This is Big Al Thomas. He works at a rival flophouse and he wants to talk to you.

Phillips/Ron looks toward them with a little bit of interest...more so in Big Al.

PHILLIPS/RON

Leave us.

The detective/hooker nods her head once in agreement and leaves Big Al alone with Phillips/Ron and Jones/Portia in the office.

PHILLIPS/RON (CONT'D)

What can I do for you, Al?

BIG AL

I jus' wanna talk to you...playa to playa.

(he walks toward the pimp/hooker couple)

I hear that you are the bes' in the game. I have been told that yo bitches git eighty percent of what they make.

He stops right in front of the players, who he first sees as his enemies and hopefully, throughout the conversation, he will see them as his associates in the sex trade.

BIG AL (CONT'D)

The reason why I'm here is to make you a proposition.

Phillips/Ron looks toward Big Al as Jones/Portia rubs her body against him. She plays the part of the hooker to the hilt.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS/RON
What you got tuh offer?

BIG AL
I want to propose a collaboration
between you and me and our bitches. We
could be the top pimps in all of Queens.

EXT./ESTAB. THE SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

The truck is parked in front of the flophouse.

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

The image of Phillips/Ron, Jones/Portia and Big Al are on a video monitor, which means the room they are in has hidden video cameras in the rooms of the flophouse.

The image is being watched by Martin, Epstein and a few other male detectives.

PHILLIPS/RON
(on screen - to Big Al)
Sounds temptin'...but I need tuh tell
yuh somethin'. Word around Queens is
that one of yo hoes had been murdered.
(re: Epstein as she
watches with a small grin)
Does the name Marcia Rutherford sound
familiar to you?

Epstein likes what she sees and enjoys her fellow detective's strength against Big Al.

EPSTEIN
(emphasizes in a low voice
with an evil grin)
Yeah. Expose that bastard, Ted.

On the monitor, Big Al is silent about this. He doesn't know what to say at this point. He knows all about the murder, but he does his best to downplay any and all knowledge of it.

BIG AL
Listen. Shit fuckin' happens. Hoes get
put to work. Hoes piss off a john. They
end up dead.

PHILLIPS/RON
Whoa. You sayin' that you don't fuckin'
care that one of yo' bitches is dead?
Even if she was makin' you mad money?

(CONTINUED)

BIG AL

Marcia wasn't da only bitch in muh stable. She may have been my biggest money maker after only being in the game fo' a short amount o' time, but no one said that the game was risk-free.

Phillips/Ron looks toward Big Al and Jones/Portia with with a look of possible interest in Big Al, not as a pimp, but as an undercover cop.

Big Al still looks at Phillips/Ron with continued interest in cooperating with him. He sports a big grin.

BIG AL (CONT'D)

(emphasizes with interest)

So...whatdaya say? Wanna cooperate?

Phillips/Ron thinks for a few seconds and then:

PHILLIPS/RON

(to Big Al in a calm manner)

I'll think it over and git back to yuh.

Phillips/Ron slowly pimp walks toward the office door and leaves Jones/Portia and Big Al alone together.

They turn and face each other and begin a pimp/hooker conversation...starting with Big Al.

BIG AL

Hey, babe.I didn't wanna say this in front of yo boss, but you got it goin' on.

He is a little turned on at this point and Jones/Portia stands in front of him and stands in her sexiest pose with her hands on her hips and sports a big grin.

JONES/PORTIA

Do you like whatcha see?

Big Al sports a big grin as he checks out her body as she continues to pose for him.

Her cleavage is exposed and it looks really deep.

Big Al obviously likes what he is looking at and then, he looks back at Jones/Portia and vice versa.

(CONTINUED)

BIG AL
I certainly do...especially yo titties.
They look awesome as fuck.

Jones/Portia sports an even bigger grin and at the same time, she knows that her cleavage is the key to taking Big Al down so she uses it to her advantage.

She sticks her chest out as he stands in front of her.

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

The image is on the surveillance monitor, which is still being seen by Martin, Epstein and the other male detectives. They are enjoying what they see on the screen.

On the monitor, Jones/Portia continues to use her "gifts" to continue to entice Big Al and get her much needed confession to arrest him.

JONES/PORTIA
Thanks.
(she shimmies her chest)
How would you like tuh have these babies
all to yourself?

She stops the shimmying and Big Al is still hooked on her.

BIG AL
You shittin' me, right?

JONES/PORTIA
Nah, I'm keepin' it a hundred.

BIG AL
How do I make dat...
(he walks a little closer
and stops - sports a big
grin)
...become a reality?

JONES/PORTIA
Tell me what happened to dat bitch
Marcia Rutherford dat got killed.

BIG AL
What do yuh wanna know?

JONES/PORTIA
Who the bastard was dat killed her. Word
on duh street was she was da best hoe in
duh business.

(CONTINUED)

BIG AL
Yeah...she was. She was great...

INT. THE OFFICE IN THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Jones/Portia and Big Al are still together.

BIG AL (CONT'D)
...but she tried to scam me.

JONES/PORTIA
Really? In what way?

BIG AL
When she was makin' her paper, she tried
to scam me by not paying me my cut.

Jones/Portia pretends to be insulted, but Big Al falls for it
hook, line and sinker.

JONES/PORTIA
That bitch! I hope you put that ho in
her place.

She makes sure to thrust her big chest forward and Big Al is
turned on by her "assets".

BIG AL
Damn right I did...

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

The action between Jones/Portia and Big Al continues on the
monitor as...

...Epstein, Martin and their fellow detectives continue to
watch the action and await Big Al to make his confession.

BIG AL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...I took her outside and showed her who
was boss.

JONES/PORTIA (O.S.)
Are you sayin' dat you put dat bitch
outta her misery?

BIG AL (O.S.)
Yeah. I did.

JONES/PORTIA (O.S.)
What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

BIG AL (O.S.)
I busted dat bitch's head with a brick.

The conversation between Jones/Portia and Big Al continues when:

Epstein quickly leaps out of her seat and speaks to her fellow detectives in the truck.

EPSTEIN
All right, guys! Let's take him down!

She and the others pile out of the truck.

INT. THE OFFICE IN THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Jones/Portia and Big Al are still talking about the murder.

JONES/PORTIA
So...you took that bitch down with a brick?

INT. THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

The detectives from inside the truck enter the flophouse with guns in their hands. Epstein tells all the undercover detectives about getting Big Al's confession on tape MOS.

BIG AL (V.O.)
(to Jones/Portia)
Yeah...and I loved every single minute of it.

JONES/PORTIA (V.O.)
Oh shit! I guess you're sayin' that she had it comin', huh?

Phillips, who steps out of character, instructs the female undercover detectives, who are playing the hookers, to prepare to take down the pimp/murderer MOS and then...

All the detectives with their guns in their hands, make a slow beeline to the office door where their fellow detective and the pimp are located.

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Jones/Portia and Big Al continue their discussion.

BIG AL
(grins evilly)
Yeah. I guess you could say that.

(CONTINUED)

His evil grin turns into an evil smile and he shows off his gold front tooth.

Jones/Portia looks at the pimp with calm silence. At this point, unbeknownst to Big Al, she steps out of character.

JONES/PORTIA

Well...I guess I could say somethin'.

BIG AL

What's that?

They face each other and Jones answers the question as a detective and she aims her gun, which was concealed quite well, right at Big Al.

JONES

You're under arrest for the murder of Marcia Rutherford, muthafucka.

Big Al looks at the gun and his smile leaves his face in a slow manner as he raises his hands the same way.

Jones continues to aim her gun at him when:

All the detectives rush into the room with them, including Martin, Epstein and Phillips.

Martin walks over to Jones and Big Al.

MARTIN

(to Jones)

You okay?

JONES

(to Jon)

I'm doin' just fine.

Jones lowers her gun as Martin takes out his cuffs and he walks behind Big Al and as he puts them on his wrists:

MARTIN

(to Big Al)

Looks like you screwed up, bruh.

Big Al is not taking his arrest seriously and he sports a sarcastic grin.

BIG AL

(sarcastically)

I ain't sweatin' this. You ain't got nothin' on me.

(CONTINUED)

A female detective, dressed as a hooker, is at an empty bookcase and takes a hidden camera off the top shelf.

Martin turns "Big" Al around and they both face each other. Martin is truly not happy and as the female detective hands him the little hidden camera and walks away:

MARTIN

Oh yeah?

(he shows Big Al the video camera - Big Al looks at it and sports a slow frown)

Well, what you didn't know is that we had this room bugged and planted cameras all around it, as well.

Big Al looks back at Martin with his silent frown as Martin looks at him with a big grin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We have got your confession on tape and on camera. You're finished.

Jones leads Big Al via taking him by the back of his outfit. She reads him his rights aloud as she walks through the crowd of undercover detectives.

EXT./ESTAB. - 106TH PRECINCT - DAY

TRAFFIC SOUNDS are heard and people walk past the precinct.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Big Al sits at the table and Epstein stands in front of the one-way mirror. She looks at the pimp with a face of pure hate.

Epstein has a visual battle with the flamboyant pimp and there is deep hatred between the both of them.

She walks to the opposite side of the table, puts her palms on top of the table and stares at Big Al with anger.

They continue to look at each other. Seconds later, Martin enters the room with a folder in his right hand. He doesn't look too happy with Big Al either.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Vi, I've got the results on the brick that this fuckin' idiot used to kill Marcia Rutherford.

(CONTINUED)

EPSTEIN
(to Martin)
Let's have 'em.

Martin opens the folder and reads the results aloud.

MARTIN
(to Big Al - Epstein looks
toward her partner)
The results say that your fingerprints
on the brick that you used to kill
Marcia was...an eight...point...match.

Martin and Epstein look at Big Al with sarcastic looks of shock.

Big Al looks at them with a look of doubt...and then, a look of disbelief.

BIG AL
Git the fuck outta here. Y'all are lyin'
yo' asses off.

The detectives stand next to each other as Martin takes the results out of the folder and extends it to "Big" Al.

MARTIN
Would you like to see them for yourself?

Big Al looks at the detectives with a look that says, "Damn, this is fucked up!"

Martin puts the results back in the folder and he closes it and continues to hold it in his right hand. The detectives look at the pimp with victorious grins.

EPSTEIN
(to Big Al with an evil
grin)
Face it, buddy. It's over for you.
(a brief pause)
Actually, it's not quite over yet. You
have some explaining to do with a
certain someone.
(to the person - aloud)
Could you come in and introduce
yourself, please?

Big Al is confused at this point. He doesn't know what person is going to come into the room.

The DOOR OPENS and Lieutenant Braxton enters the room and joins the detectives and Big Al.

(CONTINUED)

He has a big smirk on his face as he looks at the prime suspect. He stands next to Epstein.

BIG AL

Who is that?

BRAXTON

Oh, you don't remember me? Let me clue you in. I'm Lieutenant Richard Braxton from the Bronx Police Department.

(re: Big Al)

My detectives have been trying to take you and your little prostitution racket down for quite some time.

Big Al is even more confused than he was before.

MARTIN

Oh, we forgot to fill you in on a few details. One: The hooker you killed was really an undercover cop from the Bronx PD whose real name was Athena Salinger.

EPSTEIN

Two: She was posing as a hooker to get information on how you treat your hoes and how you con them out of their earnings.

Big Al is shocked as he listens to the detectives and the lieutenant explain the situation to him in great detail.

Martin has an evil grin on his face as he continues the explanation.

MARTIN

And three: Sarah, as well as the other girls, are quittin' the life after she found out that you killed Athena...and with the forensic results and the murder of an undercover cop...you're toast.

His evil grin is bigger than before.

INT. THE LITTLE ROOM - DAY

On the opposite side of the one-way mirror, Reyes, the attorneys JACK MAYFIELD, a tall African American male in his early 50s, with peppered hair who takes his job seriously and is tough when he is in the courtroom and...

JOCELYN VASQUEZ, a tall Latina woman in her 40s, who is Jack's assistant DA, watch the action inside.

(CONTINUED)

Reyes turns off the intercom and:

REYES
(to Mayfield and Kaplan)
Well, what do you guys think?

VASQUEZ
It looks like an open and shut case.
(a brief pause)
He killed an undercover cop and he has a
history of violence against the girls
who were working for him.

MAYFIELD
(to Reyes)
Jocelyn's right. We're gonna take this
information to our boss and see what he
thinks.
(to Vasquez)
Come on. Let's go.

The lawyers leave Reyes alone as she continues to stand on
her side of the one-way mirror.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROBERT MILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Vasquez and Mayfield sit in adjacent seats in front of the
desk of:

ROBERT MILLER, a somewhat husky African American male, who is
in his early 50s. He is the senior district attorney for the
borough of Queens and the boss to the young attorneys.

He sits in his seat behind his desk. He and his attorneys
talk about the case.

MILLER
This is going to be one hell of a case.

MAYFIELD
You're right, Rob. An undercover cop
getting killed by a pimp is pretty
damning.

VASQUEZ
The situation's pretty damning if you
ask me.
(to Miller and Mayfield,
concerned)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Do you think that his lawyer is actually gonna have a valid defense to get a "not guilty" verdict

Miller has his elbows on top of his desk and he has his hands clasped together.

MILLER

(to Vasquez)

You'd be surprised what defense lawyers come up with when someone gets senselessly murdered...whether the victim is a cop or a civilian.

INT. JUDGE GARNER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Vasquez, Mayfield and SAM DONALDSON, a young attorney who appears to be in his early 40s and looks twenty years younger than his actual age. He is an attorney for the defendant. They are in the chambers of...

DEBORAH GARNER, a woman in her late 50s and a judge, who has been behind the bench for over thirty years and she takes her job seriously, walks behind her desk and stands behind it.

MAYFIELD

Your Honor, we're here to talk to you about the opposing counsel's ridiculous defense he's using to get the defendant off the hook on a murder charge.

BACK TO GARNER

Garner stands behind her desk as she listens to the attorneys tell their sides of the case pre-trial.

VASQUEZ (O.S.)

The defendant brutally murdered an undercover cop who posed as a hooker to infiltrate the defendant's prostitution ring.

DONALDSON

Your Honor, my client was not aware that the victim was a cop. He thought she was one of his girls, she said something that he didn't accept and he responded accordingly.

(re: Garner is shocked as she listen to Donaldson)

Granted, the response was extreme, but he acted the way he did because he was under extreme stress.

(CONTINUED)

GARNER

(to Donaldson, calm but
outraged)

Counselor, I hope you are not using this
explanation to justify your client's
actions.

DONALDSON

Your Honor, as a certified member of the
bar, I assure you that I am doing no
such thing.

MAYFIELD

What part did the insanity play in your
client's response to killing Athena
Salinger, a dedicated cop with ten years
on the force with the Bronx PD

Donaldson answers Mayfield's question.

DONALDSON

My client had a difficult life growing
up. He came from a broken home and he
was an only child.

(emphasizes with sympathy)

His father died of a heart attack and
his mother worked two jobs to support
him until he was eighteen.

Vasquez folds her arms and rolls her eyes in response to
Donaldson's answer to her colleague's question.

DONALDSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, my client didn't think
that was enough, so he went into a life
of crime...namely prostitution.

(re: Donaldson)

My client got so hooked on all the money
he was making, he stayed with it.

VASQUEZ

(to Donaldson - emphasizes
with disbelief)

Oh, so you're saying that your client's
insanity was because of crappy
childhood, his criminal activity and
murder?

(brief pause - re: the
three attorneys)

Are you sure that you aren't suffering
from any insanity yourself?

(CONTINUED)

DONALDSON
I'm offended by your accusation,
Counselor.

VASQUEZ
Then, get some therapy and work on your
issues.

Offended, Donaldson looks toward Garner.

DONALDSON
Your Honor.

GARNER
Enough, both of you. Save it for the
trial.
(to Donaldson)
Counselor, while I am appalled at your
choice of defense, I'm also loathed to
say that I will let you do so at trial.

Vasquez and Mayfield are shocked at what they just heard as
Donaldson just stands in silence.

MAYFIELD
Your Honor, you can't be serious!

GARNER
(to Mayfield)
I'm sorry, Counselor, but that's the way
it is.
(to all three attorneys)
The trial will begin at one o' clock. I
will expect you all to be there on time.

She takes her seat behind her desk and...

Vasquez and Mayfield look at each other with an "I can't
believe this!" look on their faces as Donaldson sports a
small grin for his "victory".

CHYRON

TITLE CARD: "PEOPLE VS. AL THOMAS - 1:00 P.M."

INT. COURTROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The courtroom is packed.

Garner comes into the courtroom, walks over to the bench and
she takes her seat behind it.

(CONTINUED)

GARNER (CONT'D)
(addresses the court)
You may be seated.
(re: everyone takes their
seats - re: Garner)
Court will come to order.

She picks up her gavel, POUNDS it once and puts it back down.

INT. THE COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah, in regular clothes, is on the stand and she gives her testimony to the jury.

SARAH
I knew the defendant for about three years. I used to work for him. He was my pimp.

VASQUEZ
How difficult was it working for Mr. Thomas?

The jury listens as Sarah continues her testimony.

SARAH (O.S.)
I'll be honest with yuh. It was not that great. In fact, it was quite awful.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He treated me and the other girls who was workin' for him like we didn't even matter. All he cared about was gettin' his money.

Vasquez walks toward Sarah.

VASQUEZ
How did he treat you while you were working for him?

SARAH
He was really mean to me and all the other girls. When he didn't get his way, he used to smack us around.

VASQUEZ
Are you glad you're not working for him anymore when he allegedly killed Athena Salinger?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

I was shocked when the cops told me that she was killed.

(re: Vasquez)

I was even more shocked when they told me he was the one who killed her.

VASQUEZ

Thank you.

She walks back to her seat next to Mayfield and then, Donaldson gets up from his seat next to his client and walks in the center of the courtroom.

DONALDSON

(to Sarah)

How did you end up working for my client?

SARAH

Before he came to me, three years ago, I was workin' at a fast food joint for minimum wage.

(re: the jurors)

On my way home, he came up to me on the street and gave some crazy pitch about how I could make lots of money if I worked for him.

(re: Donaldson)

Unfortunately, I fell for his line of B.S. hook, line and sinker.

DONALDSON

Are you sure that my client was the person who killed Athena Salinger?

SARAH

I didn't see him do it, but he has been known to slap us girls around when he felt he didn't git his way...or his money.

DONALDSON

Is your testimony a way of getting back at my client because of his alleged treatment toward you?

SARAH

No! He was a predator! He came up to me feedin' me this line of bull 'bout bein' rich and...

(she shakes her head in disbelief)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (CONT'D)

...I fell for it. I can't believe I fell
fo' dat man's crap.

She sits back into her seat on the stand, still upset about how she got into her situation. It seems as though reality has kicked in.

INT. THE COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Braxton is on the stand. Mayfield stands in the middle of the courtroom.

MAYFIELD

(to Braxton)

State your name and occupation for the record, please,

BRAXTON

I'm Lieutenant Richard Braxton of the Bronx Police Department. I have held the position for over thirty years.

MAYFIELD

What was your involvement in the case?

BRAXTON

My department, in cooperation with the Queens PD, worked together to apprehend the person responsible for the murder of Athena Salinger.

MAYFIELD (O.S.)

In your opinion, who was Athena Salinger?

BRAXTON

She was a dedicated detective with ten years on the job.

Mayfield listens to Braxton's testimony.

BRAXTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She earned the respect of all of her fellow detectives...myself included.

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

When we found out that she was murdered, we lost a great detective who took her job seriously...

(re: Mayfield - re: Josie
and Paul)

...and had a fabulous record of taking down criminals.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

Athena's parents have lost their daughter. They held her in the highest regards...

(re: Braxton)

...and so did the Bronx PD.

Mayfield walks toward Braxton on the stand.

MAYFIELD

How did you know the defendant was responsible for her murder?

BRAXTON

We were working on a previous case where a sex worker in the Bronx was murdered...

(re: Mayfield)

...and it turned out the defendant allegedly killed her. We later found out that the murder was linked to a prostitution ring that stretched out into Queens.

(re: Braxton)

Hours into the investigation, Athena's parents told us about their daughter's murder after they saw it on the news.

(re: Mayfield)

We went to the Queens PD to talk to Lieutenant Reyes...

(re: Braxton)

...and discussed the case with her and her detectives and we agreed to join forces to take down the headquarters of the criminal empire.

MAYFIELD

Where was the location of this criminal empire?

BRAXTON

It was located in an abandoned house in Flushing. It was also where we apprehended the defendant.

Donaldson and Big Al listen to Braxton's testimony. They are not happy at the moment.

BRAXTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

When the two main Queens detectives questioned him about Athena's murder back at their precinct, the defendant vehemently denied having any knowledge of it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAXTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(re: Braxton as a slow
evil grin appears on his
face)

...but when they introduced the evidence
used, he didn't have a leg to stand on.

Mayfield walks over to his table and picks up an evidence bag
with the weapon in it that was used in the murder. He walks
over to Braxton with it in his hand.

He stops near Braxton and holds up the evidence bag as he
shows it to everyone in the courtroom and then, as he hands
it to Braxton:

MAYFIELD

Was this the weapon the defendant used
to kill Athena Salinger?

BRAXTON

(as he takes it from
Mayfield and inspects it)

Yes, it was.

(a brief pause)

According to the forensics team at the
PD in Queens, the defendant's prints
were all over it...not to mention the
blood and hair belonging to the victim.

(re: Mayfield as Braxton
hands the evidence bag
back to him - re: Braxton)

The defendant repeatedly hit Athena with
the brick so hard, he cracked her skull
wide open.

(re: Josie and Paul cringe
as they listen to the
testimony - re: the jury
does the same)

The last strike to the head causing the
blood in her head to slowly ooze out.
Then, minutes later, Athena was dead and
laid in a pool of her own blood.

BACK TO MAYFIELD

MAYFIELD

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Braxton nods his head once in response to Mayfield's
gratitude.

Mayfield walks back to his table, puts the evidence bag down
on it and he takes his seat next to his colleague.

INT. THE COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

(CONTINUED)

Big Al is now on the stand.

Donaldson stands up from his seat at his table and walks in the middle of the courtroom and stands in place as he asks his client questions about the charges against him.

DONALDSON

What was your life like growing up?

BIG AL

I was tough. I ain't gonna lie. My pops left my moms when I was three. I ain't had no male role model to look up to.

(re: Donaldson)

Growin' up, my mom was heavily into drugs when I was twelve. She was shootin' heroin in her veins instead of takin' care of me.

(re: Donaldson)

So, I guess you could say that I took care of myself.

DONALDSON

How did you go about doing that?

BIG AL (O.S.)

I did a lotta odd jobs an' made a few dollars in da process.

(re: the jury)

An' then, when I was in ma twenties...

(re: Big Al)

...I got into da game and made more paper than I ever did in my life and I have been in da game ever since.

DONALDSON

How did you feel when the detectives who arrested you told you that the victim was an undercover cop?

BIG AL

I'll admit...I wasn't happy, but at the time, I jus' thought she was anotha ho'.

DONALDSON

Thank you.

(to the judge)

Nothing further.

He walks back to his seat at his table and when he takes his seat...

(CONTINUED)

Mayfield stands up and walks toward the bench as he asks his first of many questions to the defendant.

MAYFIELD

You testified earlier that your life was tough. Is that correct?

BIG AL (O.S.)

That's right.

MAYFIELD

That didn't cross your mind when you made a conscious decision to work for a known drug dealer...

(re: Big Al)

...who was killed in prison a week after he was arrested for twelve counts of drug trafficking, did it?

Big Al is not happy at this point because Mayfield has exposed his criminal past in open court.

Mayfield continues to look at the defendant with calm anger.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

And your involvement had put you in a juvenile detention center...until you were about twenty-three.

(he walks to the center of the courtroom and faces the defendant)

And then, you began a life of a pimp and started a life of forcing innocent women into a life of prostitution...

(re: Big Al looks at Mayfield with anger)

...for about a decade...which is where Marcia Rutherford comes in as a novice prostitute.

(re: Mayfield)

You killed her because she didn't give in to your demands...and it was only when you were arrested that you found out that she was an undercover cop...

(re: Judge Garner - re: the jury - re: Vasquez - re: Josie and Paul - re: Donaldson - re: Mayfield)

...who's real name was Athena Salinger.

Big Al responds to Mayfield with absolute anger.

BIG AL

That bitch made me look like a fool in front o' my hoes. She forgot that I was da boss an' in this business, there were rules that ev'ry whore o' mine was supposed tuh follow...with no lip.

MAYFIELD

Well...because of that...you are going to pay for ending the career of an outstanding officer of the law.

He walks back to his seat at his table.

Big Al sits in silent anger on the stand.

FADE OUT.

CHYRON

TITLE CARD: "PEOPLE VS. AL THOMAS - THE VERDICT"

INT. THE COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Judge Garner is in her seat on the bench and she looks toward the jury.

GARNER

Madame Forewoman, have you and the jury reached a unanimous verdict

The JURY FOREWOMAN stands up from her seat with the verdict in her hand.

JURY FOREWOMAN

Yes, we have, Your Honor.

GARNER

On the sole count of Murder In The First Degree, what say you?

The Jury Forewoman reads the verdict aloud.

JURY FOREWOMAN

We, the jury, in the case of "The People Vs. Al Thomas", find the defendant...guilty of Murder In The First Degree.

Donaldson and his client are upset over the verdict. Donaldson tries to comfort Big Al by patting him on the back.

(CONTINUED)

GARNER

Mr. Thomas, you have been found guilty of the charge of murder in the first degree and I hereby sentence you to a term of twenty years.

(a brief pause)

I'd like to thank the jury for their participation in this case.

(she picks up her gavel)

Case is adjourned.

She BANGS her gavel once.

Donaldson and Big Al are still unhappy about the verdict and the court officer takes Big Al by his arm and takes him away as Donaldson gathers his papers.

Everyone in the courtroom get up from their seats and walk toward the courtroom doors.

Mayfield and Vasquez are doing the same and they are happy about the verdict. Mayfield turns and faces...

Josie and Paul, who look toward him with satisfied grins on their faces. They are happy that he and his colleague had gotten justice for their daughter and then, they leave the courtroom.

Mayfield grins back at them and then, he turns back to his table and he and Vasquez continue to put their briefs in their briefcases as everyone else piles out of the courtroom.

EXT./ESTAB. 106TH PRECINCT - LATER

Vehicles drive past the precinct and people walk past it.

INT. THE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

The entire precinct is adorned in party decorations and a banner that reads: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JOHN!!" that is across a wall in the precinct.

Among the officers and the detectives, Reyes stands next to Martin. They both have smiles on their faces.

REYES

All right, everyone! I want you all to give it up for one of the best detectives in the 106th Precinct in Queens...John Q. Martin!

Everyone lets out a unified cheer for Martin; especially Epstein, Jones and Phillips

(CONTINUED)

Reyes continues to praise Martin on his special day as the cheers die down and finally, they stop altogether.

REYES (CONT'D)

Along with his fellow detectives...

Epstein...Jones...Phillips...

(re: Reyes and Martin)

...along with the rest of the undercover team...

(re: the entire precinct)

...he has taken down the leader of a dangerous prostitution ring.

REYES (CONT'D)

(to Martin)

John, on behalf of the 106th Precinct, I want to wish you a happy birthday.

MARTIN

Gracias, Lieutenant.

The precinct lets out a simultaneous laugh.

REYES

All right, everyone. Let's celebrate!

The entire precinct, including Reyes, sing "Happy Birthday" to Martin as they begin the festivities. After the song, they let out a cheer and they begin to celebrate John's birthday.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL as the CLOSING MUSIC PLAYS.

FADE OUT.